[illegible] GAZETTE.

[illegible] FRIDAY, [illegible] 1830. [illegible]

[illegible] BOSTON: [illegible] PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, [illegible] AND PROPRIETOR, [illegible] CORNHILL. STEPHEN CLARK, Printer, [illegible] Washington-street. [illegible] TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, [illegible] IN ADVANCE.

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Nov. 26.

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JUST published, (and to be continued regularly until completed) No. XI. of the COLUMBIAN FOLIO BIBLE, embellished with at least 42 beautiful Engravings, and completed in only 140 numbers, printed with new type, cast at the Boston Foundry expressly for the work, on paper of superior quality with Notes and Annotations, [illegible] from the learned and esteemed works of [illegible], Scott, Cobbin and Clark. The whole carefully collected and digested, with a view of explaining the difficult and obscure passages, reconciling apparent contradictions, correcting mistranslations, answering the objections of Deists, proving the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch, and displaying the Word of God in its genuine beauty and holiness. Before the completion of this work, the publisher will give, gratis, one of the Engravings in the first number, a new Engraving, large, and beautiful, and of considerable value. This Bible is printed on fine white paper, from this Bible may be obtained separately, [illegible] which will be given.

To [illegible] the whole work [illegible] will [illegible] payment [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

wars, and was at [illegible], and under many [illegible] the memory fails, and [illegible] remember their names, except the duke of Marlborough, who was one of them.

He has been much cut up by wounds, which he showed us, but cannot always give a very distinct account of his warfare.

He came out, with his father, from England to New-York, probably early in the last century, but cannot remember the date.

Henry Francisco has been, all his life, a very active and energetic, although not a [large-framed] man. He was formerly fond of sporting, and did, for a certain period, drink more than was proper, but that habit appears to have been long abandoned.

In other respects he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly abstaining almost entirely from animal food; his favorite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said that, after such a breakfast, he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same, if he could get it, and then take the same at night, and particularly that he always drank tea, whenever he could obtain it, three cups at three times a day.

The oldest people in the vicinity remember Francisco, as being always, from their earliest recollection, much older than themselves; and a Mr. Fuller, who recently died here, between 80 and 90 years of age thought Francisco was one hundred and forty.

On the whole, although the evidence rests, in a degree, on his own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless and affectionate, I am inclined to believe that he is as old as he is stated to be.—He is really, a most remarkable and interesting old man; there is nothing either in his person or dress, of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man.

Little could I have expected to converse and shake hands with a man who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for one hundred years—who, more than a century ago, fought under Marlborough, in the wars of queen Anne, and who (already grown up to manhood,) saw her crowned *one hundred and seventeen years since*: who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and *in the century before the last*, was driven from France by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV. and who has lived *a forty fourth part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe!*

What an interview! It is like seeing one come back from the dead, to relate the events of centuries, now swallowed up in the abyss of time! Except his cough, which, they told us, had not been of long standing, we saw nothing in Francisco's appearance that might indicate a speedy dissolution, and he seemed to have sufficient mental and bodily powers, to endure for years yet to come.

FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

MR. EDITOR,

I observed, under head of "State of the Nation," a paragraph in the Boston Patriot of October 12th, taken from the National Advocate, wherein the writer, in speaking of national retrenchment, seems doubtful whether the army should be reduced or remain as at present. He says, "It does appear that 7000 men would be actually required to keep in proper order the various fortifications and military posts throughout the United States." He may be correct, but we will take a view of the single harbour of Boston and see what retrenchment can be made there. For many years prior to the late war that harbour was garrisoned by one Company of Artillery, who did all the duty necessary, and kept the garrison in good order. At present it is garrisoned by six companies of Light Artillery. Now suppose we retain one Company, one Assistant Deputy Quarter Master General, one Paymaster, one Surgeon's Mate, one Commissary, one Hospital Steward, and one Matross, and disband the remaining five Companies with the Field and Staff Officers attached to that post, and see what can be saved to the public *only for one year*.

Pay [illegible] General, 4 Sergeants, [illegible] (not [illegible] of the line) Forage, Fuel, and [illegible] for Quarters, &c.	$4916
Pay and [illegible] of 1 Col. 1 Lieut. Col. 1 [Major], 1 Adjutant, 1 Quarter Master, [illegible] (out of the line) Forage, Fuel, [illegible] Quarters, Stationary, &c.	7000
Pay 1 Sergeant Major, 1 Chief Musician, and 2 [illegible], including Fuel, Clothing, and [illegible]	804
Pay for 5 Companies, each Company consisting of 1 Capt. 1 first Lieut. 1 second Lieut. [illegible] of Artillery, [illegible] in addition to [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

Thus you see the amount that might be saved at this post, in one year, exclusive of Medicines, Stores and Fuel for the Hospital, Camp Equipage, Iron, Coal, repairs of Boats, oars, and twenty other items that might be mentioned which would swell this estimate to 100,000 dollars, and doubtless a proportionate reduction might be made in many of our sea port garrisons, and still maintain the safety of the public property. But it may be urged that these troops are wanted to protect our western frontier; if so why are they not ordered where they may do some good? Why have they been stationed four or five years in a place where they cannot or at best do not benefit the nation? My neighbor Simple does not pretend to answer these questions, but supposes the paragraph above alluded to was written by some military gentleman in commission, who is fearful of losing his station and does not care who pays taxes if he obtains a livelihood from the public treasury. But we will not tire the printer or the public with our reasoning on this subject; *A hint to the wise is sufficient*, Mr. Simple. There are wiser heads than ours in Congress, and I trust they will manage affairs with prudence and not be influenced by those *military wiseacres* who view every thing that is likely to turn to their own advantage (no matter whether it be public good or not) with as keen an eye as the old woman saw her name inscribed on the church door, but could not see the church.

PRUDENCE.

FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

FOREIGN PROFESSORS.

Almost all those who come across the Atlantick to "teach us good things," if we may credit their stories, have made great sacrifices for our sakes. Mr. Lancaster had in one school in England upwards of three thousand scholars, and the patronage of lords and earls and dukes and kings. Yet out of pure benevolence to this *rising nation*, which had not yet formed a *national character*, he left his native land and all his honours, to diffuse his excellent system of education extensively through this young empire. Disinterested man! he doubtless looked to other worlds for an ample reward!

Dr. Ramsay was the ornament of Surgeon's Square in Edinburgh, the pupil of the greatest masters, and the instructer of the most eminent scholars—the bosom-friend of the illustrious Sir Joseph Banks, and the admiration of the Royal family of Great-Britain. These honours behold him sacrificing, that we, in this obscure corner of the earth, might be benefitted by his immense learning and genius. Surgeon's Square and Fryeburg (Maine)—what a contrast!—Disinterested man!—he may find, some where else, an ample reward!

Mr. Hamilton never condescended to inform us what was his occupation in Ireland! but no doubt ought to be entertained that he was a very great man there! for almost all Irishmen are great men. But his whole life has been one continual sacrifice of his own interests for the good of this country. Had he not thousands of pupils in Baltimore and Philadelphia and New-York? and did he not forsake them all for Boston! that one section of this happy country should not have too much intelligence for the other, by which the union of these States might be jeopardized? Most benevolent of men. His exertions meet every where an ample reward!

Inexpressible are the obligations we owe to the united kingdom, for sending us their literature, not only in bales, but in *hog's heads*, and it is an abominable fault in us that we are not more grateful.

I could hardly stifle my indignation, when I heard an impudent and stupid fellow ask the other day, Why the men, whose talents and learning were in such repute at home, did not stay there and make their fortunes?—Most ridiculous and absurd interrogation—which even now puts me to such a blush for my country, that I dare not trust myself to say another word.

BOSTON.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1820.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Somewhat more than three years have passed since the publication of the New-England Galaxy was begun, under circumstances not very flattering to the hopes of the editor. Though success has been by no means commensurate with his wishes, yet, when he reflects on the number and magnitude of the difficulties which lie in the way of every new candidate for popular favour, and perceives that many of them have been already surmounted, there is abundant reason to believe that his labours have not been altogether unacceptable. Many reasons suggest themselves why a weekly paper must always be more circumscribed in the extent of circulation than one which appears at shorter intervals, among which, the deficiency of advertising patronage and the inconvenience if not the impossibility of [illegible] is desirable. [illegible] The original plan of the editor has never been completely executed, and he has sensibly felt the want of a larger sheet or a more frequent publication. The present is thought to be a time to further his purpose; and in compliance with the wishes and advice of many, who are believed to be friends, he proposes to publish the Galaxy twice a week.—A prospectus, developing the views of the editor more distinctly, will be published in the course of a few days, and the publication at semi-weekly periods be begun as soon as the subscription shall be increased sufficiently to authorise the necessary additional expenditure. In the mean time the present subscribers may rest assured that the character of the paper will remain what it ever has been—intrepid, impartial, independent.

THE CONVENTION.

Whoever expects that the convention now assembled to revise our constitution, will accomplish the objects of their appointment in a short time, we apprehend, will be disappointed. A propensity to talk seems to be prevalent, and fast spreading among the members, and if we are not deceived, these fits of loquacity will be frequent in their return, and of pretty long continuance. Little business has yet been done except settling the rules of proceeding and the appointment of committees with portions of the constitution assigned to each. No opportunity has yet occurred for the display of eloquence, but when the respective committees report, there will probably arise questions that will call forth the gigantic powers of some of the first orators of New-England—and unless our anticipations are groundless, certain gentlemen will open the flood-gates of garrulity and endeavour to overwhelm all opposition with a torrent of—words.

It has been thought by many that few alterations would be proposed. But others think it would look like a want of sagacity if five hundred men selected from the most wise and learned of the commonwealth, could make no improvements in a work performed by their ancestors, forty years ago. And, in truth, we are of this opinion. No disrespect is intended to the members of the former convention. But they must have had more wisdom and foresight than usually falls to the lot of humanity, if they had formed an instrument in which the experience of forty years could find no imperfection.

The question whether the third article of the bill of rights shall be expunged, or, in other words, whether Massachusetts shall have a state religion, an ecclesiastical establishment, to be supported by compulsory laws, will probably occasion some excitement. From the known opinions of the president of the convention, which he took especial care to circulate in the country under the name of a charge to the grand jury,—and from the fact, that, with many persons, whatever the chief justice says must be right, there is reason to apprehend that a majority of the convention will be in favour of retaining this article, or to borrow an expression from the episcopal church, "*the damnatory clause*" will be preserved though at the expense of christianity.

Another question, which is likely to produce some debate, is, whether the members of the senate hereafter to be chosen, shall be apportioned according to population in the several districts, or the amount of property. Each side of this question has powerful advocates; and the full-blooded aristocrats will fight hard before they yield. It is hoped, however, that there will be good sense and independence enough in the convention to resist the arguments in favour of a monied aristocracy. Wealth has influence enough in all our institutions, and will continue indirectly to maintain that influence, without any [provision] in the constitution. It does not need the [patronage] of law, nor any of the fostering care of the government to give it weight. Its own inherent power will always obtain for it as much ascendency in the administration of government as it ought to have—as much as will be useful or safe for the interests of the commonwealth.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Is a topic, on which some discussion is anticipated in the Massachusetts convention. An attempt will doubtless be made to expunge from the bill of rights and constitution the compulsory and somewhat contradictionary clauses, but it is impossible to predict the result. It is not however to be expected that arguments on either side will avail much. Every member has had sufficient time for reflection and there are probably very few who have not made up their minds. A large portion of the members,—it is hoped a respectable majority,—are known to possess and to advocate the most enlightened and liberal views; and it gives us pleasure to publish the following letter as an evidence of the catholicism of the oldest, and—it may be said without fear of giving offence—the most venerable delegate in the convention. It was written to Mr. Noah, the editor of the National Advocate, and dated

"Quincy, July 31, 1819.

"SIR,

"Accept my [best] thanks for your polite and obliging favor of the 24th, and especially for the discourse enclosed. I know not when I have read a more liberal or a more elegant composition.

"You have not extended your ideas of the right of private judgement and the liberty of conscience, both in religion and philosophy, farther than I do. [Mine] are limited only by morals and propriety.

"I have [illegible] to be acquainted with [several] gentlemen of your nation, and to transact business with some of them, whom I found to be men of as liberal minds, as much honor, probity, generosity and good breeding, as any I have known, in any sect of religion or philosophy.

"I wish your nation may be admitted to all the privileges of citizens in every country of the world. This country has done much. I wish it may do more; and [illegible] every narrow idea in religion, government and commerce. [illegible]

[illegible] society. What then? [illegible] the Providence of [illegible] the principal cause, that Abraham should give religion [illegible] Christians and Mahometans, the greatest part of the modern civilized world.

(*signed*) [illegible]

ECONOMY.

It is hoped that the [illegible] society will follow the example of [illegible] and practise a little of [illegible]. A person who is compelled to [illegible] the sweat of his brow [illegible] money than the rich [illegible] who, like a great snow-ball, [illegible] he turns his body. If such a one [illegible] he generally gives the price [illegible] believing in the truth of the old [illegible] is money—and supposing that he can earn a copper in less time than it will require to get one discounted from the shopkeeper's price. But our [illegible] understand these things better. They will talk two hours for so many cents, and complain [illegible] of hard times and scarcity of cash. A [illegible] goes into the market and buys a turkey at the extravagant rate of ten cents a pound; the [illegible] his Boston money at a broker's, slumps about in the mud from waggon to waggon, swears at the countrymen, overhauls twenty loads of poultry, and buys one for nine cents and a half, with the odd weight thrown in, which he pays for with a ragged or uncurrent bill that nobody but a broker will take, and that at a discount. His wife is also the pattern of economy, and always buys shoes for five cents in a pair less than the wife of a mechanic. The lady of one of these economical gentlemen, worth at least half a million, set out upon a trading expedition on Tuesday last. Her object was to buy two dozen of glass tumblers. In making a purchase of such magnitude it was proper that she should use commendable economy. Accordingly she commenced her operations not far from the Old-South Meeting House, and after visiting all the crockery and glass ware shops in Marlborough, Union, Exchange, Court, Broad and Centre-Streets, she succeeded in purchasing her tumblers for twenty-five cents less, per dozen, than could be obtained at the place where she first enquired. Huzza for economy!

THEATRE.

An audience, more numerous and respectable than any that had been before assembled in the theatre the present season, witnessed with great delight the performance of Mr. Cooper in Hamlet on Monday evening. His frequent repetition of this character does not appear to have lessened its attraction, and we know no reason why it should. The operations of genius can never tire—never excite aversion. Mr. Cooper's Hamlet is the inspiration of genius—of a genius, which, as it needs no supervenient support, is not disgraced by dextrous artifices as cunning and unnatural as they are unworthy of a scholar and a gentleman. He has none of the clap-traps, constructed of shrugs, starts, and "damnable faces," which some actors are perpetually setting, to catch the applauses of the vulgar. All is graceful and elegant, affectionate and tender, or vehement and passionate, as character and situation require, "and his whole function suiting to his purpose." His Hamlet has ever been considered, though not the greatest effort of his genius, the most finished—Duke Aranza perhaps excepted—of all his performances. On the present occasion he lost none of the fame which criticism has so justly awarded him. We look back with delight on many a burst of feeling and passion, and many an unexpected touch of pathos and sublimity. Yet it is not with unmingled pleasure that the critic can review this performance, masterly and finished as it is. Mr. Cooper sometimes disappoints, and sometimes vexes, by slight omissions, trifling interpolations, or inadvertent errors of pronunciation—defects, indeed, which would not be observed in a common every-day actor, or, if seen, would not be worth "placing in a note book." But, while we listen to eloquence like his, we would not lose the tithe part of a line; and when he omitted the words "fretted with golden fire," it was impossible not to feel, at the moment, that he had robbed us of a pleasure, and deprived the "majestical roof," of a portion of its brilliancy. His attempt to appear original in that beautiful passage, "What a piece of work is man," &c. (which has been usually pronounced as a soliloquy, but which he delivered as part of the dialogue, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern) is susceptible of justification, although at the time it appeared like unwarrantable innovation. It may also be questioned whether his putting up his sword, and folding the arms, as he followed the Ghost,—although it indicated an admirable fearlessness and intrepidity,—is perfectly consistent with the character. It is singular that Mr. Cooper should have pronounced the word, "orisons," with the accent on the second syllable, thereby destroying the measure and making the "blank verse halt for it"—and in the very passage too which is quoted by lexicographers to prove that the accent should be on the *first*.

"Nymph, in thy orisons
"Be all my sins remembered."

In the closet scene with the queen Mr. Cooper was unexpectedly powerful and grand.

The Ghost has never been played so much to our liking as by Mr. [illegible], and it gives us pleasure to say that he pronounced what was set down for him with singular propriety, and that his reading was [illegible] [illegible]. It is to be regretted that this tribute to his talents cannot be followed by [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Rolla was presented by Mr. Cooper on Wednesday evening in his best manner. A genteel audience [illegible] by respectful applause. It was announced that Mr. Cooper would have been supported on the occasion by the regular members of the company with as much cheerfulness as they manifested during the last engagement of Mr. Wallack. The expectation was disappointed. Mr. Brown did indeed appear in the character of Alonzo, and walked through it with as much non-chalance as he would put on his nightcap. Mr. Foley, as the managers stated, positively refused to play Attalus, (although he had [illegible] Mr. Wallack with such an act of condescending politeness) and Mr. Holland came on in his stead. Mr. Doll, in Pizarro, was not quite up to his usual level and appeared to labour under much embarrassment and confusion—probably produced by the gross and opprobrious abuse mentioned of. We believe it easier to "guide a ship imperial—alone—and in a storm"—than to quell the clamours and appease the fractious among the crew of a theatrical cock-boat. The experience of the last season ought teach those who live by public countenance, that the public have claims upon them which are not to be slighted with impunity. If they mean to *draw* upon the public purse for a benefit, they must first *make a deposite, or their draft* may not be *accepted*. The public do not ask these gentlemen to degrade themselves by playing parts beneath their talents. They do not ask them to play the letter-carriers and player kings. They have no wish to make them drudges or supernumeraries. All they ask is, that such a disposition of the parts should be made as to bring into action the whole strength of the company. This is reasonable—it is what they have a right to expect—and what they ought imperatively to demand.

AUCTIONS.

The writer of the following communication deceives himself very much if he supposes we declined publishing it last week from any considerations of "sudden delicacy." We requested him to leave us his name and that of his hero, for several reasons. First, when a communication is likely to excite inquiry, we wish to be prepared with an answer. Secondly, as we are not in the habit of attending sales at auction, it could not be expected that we could judge of the correctness of his statement. And thirdly, if we spent as much time and labour as were necessary to prepare his piece for the press, and, agreeably to *his directions*, enquired of the shopkeepers if his assertions were true or not, we ought, on principles of common civility, to be permitted to know who it is that is obliged by all this labour on our part. B. B. may be assured that we have no scruples on the score of "delicacy" or "safety." He ought however to know, that his repeated asseverations to the truth of what he states, renders our safety much more precarious,—the common law maxim being "the greater truth the greater libel."

Mr. Editor,

I conceive it a duty, or, at least, I know it is a *right*, which every one possesses, when gross and palpable impositions, (some of which perhaps are not cognizable by law) are practised against honest credulous people, to expose the perpetrators,

"And bid abhorrence
Hiss them round the world."

A brief account of the doings at *some* of our auctions for the sale of dry goods, will exhibit the most important lineaments of a full length portrait of a conspicuous character, which justly merits exposure.

The word *auction* has been so perverted from its original meaning and true intent, that it ought to be placed among the obsolete words of our language. The tricks and manœuvres played off at *some* of our auction sales, I conceive, are shameful and wicked. I shall not say that the auctioneers *encourage* any foul play; nor shall I complain of them as abettors or accessories to any dishonourable manœuvre. It has been known, however, that some of them, after crying some time and knocking off the article, could find no bidder, and were obliged to acknowledge they "run a little"! Those who are acquainted with auctions, best understand this phrase. When detected in this *honourable* method of enhancing the price of the goods that are exposed, in order to turn the current of murmur into forgetfulness, they will divert their company with

"Their trivial turns, their borrowed wit,
Their similes, which nothing fit."

It is not my intention to say more of the auctioneers than is necessarily connected with the Hero of this communication, a man only known by his notorious tricks at the auctions. He is a buyer and seller of goods at those places. It will be well for strangers who go to the auctions expecting to buy goods at real auction prices, to have an eye on this auction juggler. I know not well how to describe him. He is a lean faced, hungry, rhinoceric looking fellow! with a countenance impervious to shame, and a sharp turbulent tongue, incessantly in motion! You will see his eyes all around the room, watching each stranger and his bid, and *fraudulently* bidding on his own goods, thereby running them up 10 or 12 per cent. more than they would bring at a free sale. The shopkeepers in Boston and its vicinity, who regularly attend auctions, are in no fear of being deceived by his tricks. It is those respectable country merchants and strangers who occasionally attend, supposing that the sale is free, and honourably conducted, that are in danger. He is often called the "Oracle."

When I said I should not speak of the auctioneers unnecessarily, I did not mean to screen them from imputations of being connected with *midnight plots*. I believe many of the sales at auction are bottomed on fraud from beginning to end. This may be, however, without the auctioneers being culpable, otherwise than conniving at *the fraud*.

The company at our auctions do not assemble on equal terms; for Mr. Oracle, is always ready to take advantage of bidders, and endeavors by all possible artifice to screw up the price. Do not some auctioneers give certain privileges to Mr. Oracle? For instance, when goods (not his own) are knocked off to him, and after the sale, on examination, they prove a "hard bargain," does he not often say to the auctioneer, "I don't want these goods, I only bid to help you along"—and have not some auctioneers said to him, "Well, help us along at our sales, and you may leave any goods knocked down to you that you don't choose to take"? In short, is he not authorized by some auctioneers to use all the art and finesse he is master of to impose on the ignorance and credulity of the stranger, and to induce him to give 20 per cent. more for his goods than they would bring at a fair sale?

I have assumed this distinguished person, of base and fraudulent operations. It appears [illegible] to every honest and candid person who attends the auctions; and the face of his [illegible] shows it.

I have [illegible] a "Tr[illegible] Auctioneers [illegible] (the law [illegible] prove that [illegible]

ROYALTY AND LEGITIMACY,
VERSUS
DECENCY AND COMMON SENSE.

If our readers are not already disgusted with the details which have been presented in regard to the birth of the heir apparent to the French crown, they may perhaps be amused with the following extract from a Paris paper, which announced the august occurrence. It has been a question with some, whether, with all the precautions which are taken to ascertain the legitimacy of princes, there may not still be a possibility of deception. Who knows whether this illustrious baby may not be the son of a scullion—some favourite Bergami, who may have been rewarded for his services by the favours of the illustrious dutchess, and who may now be exulting at his success, and, laughing at the credulity of the advocates of legitimacy?—But to the extract—

"Our paper will arrive every where too late to announce the birth of the Duke of Bourdeaux. The inhabitants of Paris were awakened by the discharge of cannon; all their hearts beat as they counted, and all leaped with joy when they numbered the 13th shot. This news, which burst from every heart, from every mouth, already traverses the neighboring departments. Signals, rapid as air, carry it to remote quarters, and in a few moments the sound of the cannon will have made it echo in the most sequestered hamlets: all France raises a cry of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive le Duc de Bourdeaux!" "Vive la Duchess de Berri!" All our wishes are fulfilled, all our hopes are justified. The feigned or real alarms—the clouds which obscured our horizon—are dispelled, and France rejoices and takes courage on seeing Providence protect the race of the Kings. Hell had said, by the mouth of Louvel, "I will strike the last of the Bourbons, and I will dry the source of the blood of St. Louis and Henry IV." At the first accomplishment of the crime, the Genius of Evil gave a loose to his fatal joy; but heaven had already marked its term—the frail and dreadful hope of a whole family—a whole nation plunged in grief."

CONGRESS

Met on Monday the 13th inst. The message of the President we presume is already in the hands of every reader. The House of Representatives, after numerous trials elected Mr. Taylor for their Speaker. Alluding to these repeated struggles for victory between the friends of the candidates, the Morning Chronicle has the following humorous observations.

THE WASHINGTON RACES.

The Speaker race is over at Washington.—A famous courser, by the name of Lowndes, full of speed and mettle, whose activity has often been tried, first came prancing on the turf. Several of the most expert judges from the south, were ready to bet to any amount on the head of this noble animal. He was pronounced, by many competent jockies, even before he started, victorious in the race. Indeed, from the tried and well known agility of his limbs, it was hardly thought he would have a competitor on the turf. Matters remained in this situation for some time, when the opposite party started an Eastern courser, by the name of Taylor, to contend for the honours of the day. This courser was not so well known on the political turf as his opponent—but there was a noble lustre in his eye, and a strength and activity of limb, that proved he was no contemptible antagonist. He came curvetting and bounding into the field, and was received with loud shouts and congratulations by his party. On the signal being given, both coursers started with the speed of lightning, for the goal—at one time the shouts and applauses resounded for Lowndes, and at another, the name of Taylor was vociferously shouted—but when the two coursers had returned to the starting point, it was proclaimed by the judges, that neither had gained the honours of the field.—Warm words and altercations arose, and, in order to satisfy the two contending parties, it was decided that the horses should run another heat—here again the same clamour ensued, the same bets were made, and the same disappointment incurred. Five more successive heats were run, but with the same success. A motion was made to postpone the races, to give to these two noble animals a breathing spell, worn out as they must have been, by the exertions of the day; but, so determined were the betters, that they would allow of no delay—no provocation. At length, however, they were compelled to give way—and on Wednesday last they commenced their heats again. The two horses were brought out all breathless and panting as they were from the former days' fatigue, and compelled to run twelve times more. At length, after twenty-two heats, Taylor was declared victorious in the race."

REVOLUTIONS.

This is emphatically an age of revolutions. There is hardly an arrival from Europe that does not bring tidings of a change in some of the governments in that quarter of the world. The last is said to have taken place in Portugal. A provisional government has been installed at Lisbon, and the populace rend the air with cries of "Long live king John—the constitution—the Cortes." We confess our ignorance of Portuguese politics, and are puzzled to decide what sort of a revolution this is. We have never heard that any other religion than the Catholic was tolerated in Portugal; and we cannot see that the popular movements aim at any thing more than the change in the mayor's bill of fare—more garlic and onions for breakfast, and bread and less pumpkin for dinner.

A revolution more distinctly defined, and it would seem of more importance to the nation concerned, has taken place in Hayti. Christophe, the black king, perceiving that his subjects refused to fight at his bidding, shot himself; and President Boyer is left in quiet possession of nearly the whole of that beautiful island, probably one of the most luxuriant spots on the globe.

MODESTY.

"This august body," (says the Centinel, speaking of the convention, of which the editor of that paper is one) is now completely organized," &c. It were well if some people would read occasionally the fable of the fly on the coach wheel—"What a dust we make!"

CONUNDRUM.

Why is the Ghost in Hamlet like a curly-tailed pig? Because he can a *tale* unfold.

COMMUNICATION.

EPISTLE
TO THE *THIRD RICHARD*.

"*Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?*"

Thus saith the poet, and 'agad I'll try,
Obedient to the call, the power of words:
And here methinks an object's in my eye,
Singled, indeed, from all the common herds,
Which claim applause, or censure-like expression,
On such a dignified and famed profession.

Yet do not think me great, before I prove it,
For should I fail, the Lord knows my disgrace
Would damn me so, that not e'en words could move it
When sealed upon the poet's shameful face;
And therefore Charity, drop thou thy curtain,
To save me from a fate I fear too certain.

O! vanity, thou ruin of the mind!
Ruin of fools, as well as men of sense;
By means of thee, how many raise the wind,
How many sink to utter impotence;
Go down beneath thy swelling furious tide,
And lose themselves unconscious of the glide.

'Tis the besetting sin which marks the age,
And all partake the shame in some degree,
Whether in pulpit pomp, or on the stage,
Go where you will, from this you cannot flee;
It stains the robe of pious benefactors,
Of authors, critics, satirists, and actors.

"Of actors?" surely friend, thou art mistaken,
"Of actors?" 'tis a lie, by all that's just;
"Of actors?"—who in truth have ne'er forsaken
The *humble* course where reason puts her trust,
The path where greatness, or true grandeur lies,
Secured but by the *modest* and the wise."

Richard, come on then, singly face the foe;
I hate thee, Richard, for *thy* rebel blood,
And yet thy gallant daring, I well know,
Hath "crept through *nobles* ever since the flood."
Nay, now despatch,—nor kill me with a frown,
If eyeing thee, I aim at Mr. B***n.

Play it again, good man, don't give it o'er
Because the vulgar hiss, the vile declaim;
What though such wights as these termed it a bore;
It was not, after all, so very tame:
But if a fault it had, without much canting,
Perhaps indeed it was a little ranting.

"Ranting? what's that? did not the immortal Cooke,
He who in tragedy could so dissemble,
Did not he rant? and is there tongue to brook
Such was the case with fam'd Johnny Kemble?
Ranting's a virtue then, or if a crime,
It flourish'd long, aye long before my time."

Thus saith the wizard B***n, and who denies
The right of self defence in such a cause;
And who that's fair, impartial, who that's wise,
Would meanly stoop to catch at trifling flaws?
None, none but those of low and vulgar breeding,
For none but those complained of Frederick's reading.

"Reading—is that a fault, pray answer me,
Thou shallow-thoughtted, grovelling, silly elf;
I did not seek what other men would be,
I read not Shakspeare, but I read myself;
And where's a better model—tell me true—
For better on the stage I never knew.

"Some say I marred the poet's lofty measure,
And am so tedious that the audience groan;
But think, in lieu of this, O! what a treasure
Was there supplied by measure of my own;
How plain it is then those who can *forget*,
Are prone in accents vile to scold and fret."

Adieu, Great Frederick—Prince of tragic name;
Kinsman of Kemble by a distant tie;
Be careful of thy health, thy powers, thy fame,
Nor leave thy voice in broken strains to die
Beneath fell Gloster's might, we all beseech—
Till thou hast given us his *dying* speech! M.

Health, Beauty, a Clear Skin, and a Good Complexion.

SOLD at the MUSIC SALOON & VARIETY STORE, No. 34, Market-street, (Up Stairs) Entrance 2d door below Franklin Avenue, *VINCENT'S GENUINE GOWLAND'S LOTION* stands unrivalled for Clearing the Face and Skin from all Eruptions, Freckles, Extraordinary Redness, Effects of Sallowness, Heats, and Tumours, Scorbutic Impurities, and Dryness of the Skin, all Blotches and Pimples, from what ever cause arising. Hard Lumps or Knobs in the skin, the Greasy or Oily Appearance, livid and sickly, Paleness, Thickness and Opacity, and for Clearing and Improving the Complexion.

Dr. Gowland, the original inventor of this celebrated Lotion, was Apothecary to the Household of his late Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and at that time prepared and sold this Lotion in his practice, with infinite credit to himself and advantage to the public, since a more effectious, safe and valuable Preparation for external Scorbutic Humours, and diseases of the Face and Skin, was never yet discovered. It has the directly opposite qualities and effects of all other Lotions; for instead of repelling the humours, which nature is labouring to throw out upon the surface, this of Gowland gently and kindly opens the pores, extracts and dissolves the morbid cause, and restores the fluids and skin to health and pleasure.

The most delicate constitution may apply this fluid without the smallest hazard, for a more benign Remedy is not in all Nature.

The ladies are seriously assured that all the Cosmetics ever yet discovered do not possess, in a tenth dredth degree, the good qualities of this Lotion, as a Clearer and Beautifier of the Skin; Pimples, Tetters, Ringworms, Spots, Tan, Redness of the Nose, &c. are often peculiar to tender and delicate Complexions; by the regular application of this Lotion once a day, or twice or thrice a week, the skin and fairie are gradually cleansed and healed, and assume that clear transparent white shell look, which renders them in a healthful state.

These ladies who [illegible] their Beauties charms will ever [illegible] the [illegible] consequence of this [illegible] [illegible] or yet been discovered comparable [illegible] Excellence.

Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS THIS WEEK.
Mount Lebanon Lodge, Weston, Monday evening.
Boston Council R. M. Tuesday.

Marriages.

In this town, Mr. Samuel H. Bridge, of the firm of Bridge and Russell, to Miss Abigail [illegible], eldest daughter of Major Thomas Dean.

Mr. John C. Lambert to Miss Sophia L. Sweetzer.

Mr. Jonathan Wheeler to Miss Mary Read, formerly of Newburyport.

Deaths.

In this town, Mrs. Mary Bacon, aged 68, wife of Mr. Josiah Bacon. Her death was occasioned by her clothes taking fire. Mrs. Thetis Catherine, aged 30 years, wife of Mr. Nicholas Cicilica a native of Greece. Mrs. Sarah Hill, wife of the late Mr. Edward Hill, aged 62. Mrs. Judith Loring, wife of Mr. Joseph Loring, aged 88.

THEATRE.

MR. COOPER'S FOURTH NIGHT.

THIS Evening, Friday, November 26, will be presented Mr. Payne's tragedy of

BRUTUS;
Or, The Fall of Tarquin.

Lucius Junius Brutus, MR. COOPER.

To conclude with

KILLING NO MURDER.

Valuable Church Music Book.

RICHARDSON & LORD, No. 75, Cornhill, have just published, *TEMPLE CLARIONET*; Songs of the Temple, or Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music. Eighth edition. Price $10 per dozen. $1 single.

The public opinion in favor of former editions of this work, has been so amply expressed, by the sale they have met with, that the Proprietors may have it in their power to offer the present enlarged and improved edition. They flatter themselves, that it contains a larger collection of approved Church or Congregational Music than can be found in any book now extant. Besides a very competent proportion of short tunes in all the variety of measures for usual Sunday service, there is added a Selection of Anthems and longer Hymn Tunes for particular occasions. This will render it more suitable and convenient for the practice and improvement of common schools and church choirs. A considerable proportion of the Music has never before been published in this country, and will therefore have all the effect of original compositions. The Proprietors and Compilers have omitted no pains or exertions in their power to render the work as perfect in all respects as possible.

In this edition utility has been a leading object, therefore the character of the music, it is believed, will be found suited to every sober, sacred, and religious purpose and adapted to the use of public worship among all Societies and denominations of Christians.

Much has been done, and is doing by Societies, Teachers, and others, to improve the style of singing in our churches and congregations; but all the desired effects of their endeavors must be confined, and of little benefit throughout the community at large, without the general introduction and use of correct, chaste, and devotional music. That the contents of this book are of that character, the following respectable testimonies fully prove.

To the Compilers and Publishers of the Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music.

GENTLEMEN—The Trustees of the Handel and Haydn Society, having seen the work entitled, "Songs of the Temple, or Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music," could not refrain from expressing the satisfaction they derived from the examination of its pages. For beauty of style, justness of adaptation, and correctness of harmony, it is equalled by few if any, and excelled by none, of which they have any knowledge.

Much praise is due to the compilers for their great research and superior taste; and to the publishers for its handsome execution. The Trustees hope that its circulation may be as extensive as its merits. I am, Gentlemen, with much respect, your obedient servant M. S. PARKER, *Secretary*.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the Handel and Haydn Society.

Letter from the President of the Handel and Haydn Society, New-York, to the Publishers—dated New-York, Aug. 27, 1819.

GENTLEMEN—Having lately examined a Collection of Sacred Music, published by you, entitled "Songs of the Temple, or Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music," I avail myself of this means of saying, I consider this Collection as being by far the best I have met with published in the United States; and I should be glad to find it generally used in our Churches, as a means of fostering an improved taste for this interesting part of Christian Worship.

I am, respectfully, your humble Servant,
BENJAMIN ARMITAGE.

From Rev. Dr. M'Dowell, President of the Elizabethtown Society for the promotion of Sacred Music.

The subscriber having been requested to express his opinion of a collection of Sacred Music, entitled "Songs of the Temple, or Bridgewater Collection," cheerfully embraces the opportunity to recommend it, as in his opinion, the best collection of Sacred Music he has met with, published in the United States—and he would rejoice to see it generally used in our Churches. JOHN M'DOWELL.

Elizabethtown, N. J. Oct. 13, 1820.

From the first Manager of the Haydn Society of Philadelphia.

The subscriber having perused and examined a work published by West, Richardson & Lord, called "Songs of the Temple, or Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music," deems it his duty, in justice to the work, to state that it meets his entire approbation; and he has no hesitation in recommending it to the public, as being worthy of general introduction.

GEORGE EMERICK.

Nov. 25.

EVENING HOUR ALTERED.

ANDROSCOGGIN—Exhibition Hall, Hanover-street. It being suggested to Mr. Haddock, that an earlier hour than 8 o'clock would be more accommodating to the public, he feels it his duty as well as his interest to comply with the wishes of his numerous friends. Therefore, [illegible] this day) the doors will be opened at 7 o'clock, and the Exhibition will begin precisely at half past 7.

Boxes 50 cents. Gallery 25. Children [illegible] half price. Tickets of the Box [illegible] at the door, 23 Hanover-street.

[illegible] are requested to be [illegible] from the time of beginning the [illegible] part of the entertainments. Entrance [illegible]

[illegible] Day [illegible]

[illegible]

ORTHODOX HYMN.

[illegible]

5.

High on a throne, in robes of white
[illegible] I shall sit;
[illegible] my deservings never made
Me for such heaven fit.

[illegible]

My neighbours, whom I lov'd so well,
[illegible] hand in hand,
[illegible]
[illegible] condemned.

[illegible]

7.

And [illegible] shall in sink in hell
[illegible]
While I my lord [illegible]
For love so pure, so wide.

8.

But not for faults himself hath done,
Such vengeance shall he feel;
He was old fallen Adam's son,—
God saves but whom he will.

9.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] his piercing cries,
Against Divine decrees—

10.

Steel'd shall my heart be; not a tear
My holy eyes shall wet;
All that I lov'd and felt for here,
There shall I quite forget.

11.

And God be bless'd, and God be prais'd
Damnation who proclaims;
His love and mercy's power is rais'd
From hell's black smoke and flames.

12.

And long [illegible] that saving faith
Which to th' Elect is given;
May sinners feel eternal death,
While safe am I in heaven!

CAPE COD BARD.

* "And beat upon his naked soul
"In one eternal storm."—*Watts's Hymns.*

Literary Gleanings.

From the National Advocate.

THE VAMPYRE.

We have already offered some remarks upon the melodrama, bearing the above title, now performing in Anthony-street Theatre. However ridiculous and unfounded the story about the existence of Vampyres may appear at the present day, it is certain that full credit was given to them in many places of Germany so late as the beginning of the last century. Nor was this belief confined to the vulgar and uninformed; [illegible], in other respects, above common [illegible], and holding important official [illegible] credited the existence of these imaginary and terrific beings. The infatuation was even carried so far as to attract the notice of the civil power, who actually commenced an investigation, to ascertain the truth of innumerable cases of supposed Vampyrism; the result of which tended to confirm, rather than to shake, [illegible] received opinions. In this, however, there was nothing more ridiculous than the credulity of those, not only in England but in America, which led them, about the time Vampyres were stalking abroad, and, in the gloomy imaginations of the Germans, deriving nourishment from human blood, to consign to the stake *real beings* on the improbable and now exploded belief in witchcraft, or magic power, of which they were found guilty by men pretending to common sense. The accounts, which we subjoin for the amusement of our readers, first appeared in the *Mercure Historique et Politique*, October 17[illegible], present a [illegible] picture of the [illegible] of the human mind [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] No one used [illegible] It [illegible] There can be no excuse then for rendering [illegible] chimeras.—The following are the cases of vampyrism to which we allude:—

"We have had in this country a new scene of vampyrism, which is duly attested by two officers of the tribunal of *Belgrade*, who took cognizance of the affair on the spot, and by an officer in his Imperial Majesty's troops at *Gradisch*, (in *Sclavonia*) who was an eye-witness of the proceedings.

"In the beginning of *September* there died at the village of *Kisilova*, three leagues from *Gradisch*, an old man of above threescore and two: three days after he was buried he appeared in the night to his son, and desired he would give him somewhat to eat. The son did so, the father eat, and then disappeared. The next day the son told his neighbours these particulars. That night the father did not come, but the next evening he made him another visit, and desired something to eat. It is not known whether his son gave him any thing or not, but the next morning the young man was found dead in his bed. The magistrate or bailiff of the place had notice of this, as also that the same day five or six persons fell sick in the village, and died one after the other. He sent an exact account of this to the tribunal of *Belgrade*, and thereupon two commissioners were despatched to the village, attended by an executioner, with instructions to examine closely into the affair. An officer in the Imperial service, from whom we have this relation, went also from *Gradisch*, in order to examine personally an affair of which he had heard so much.—They opened in the first place the graves of all who had been buried in six weeks. When they came to that of the old man, they found his eyes open, his colour fresh, his respiration quick and strong, yet he appeared to be stiff and insensible. From these signs they concluded him to be a notorious *Vampyre*. The executioner thereupon, by the command of the commissioners, struck a stake through his heart; and when they had so done, they made a bonfire, and therein consumed the carcase to ashes. There were no marks of vampyrism found on his son, or on the bodies of the other persons who died so suddenly.

"Thanks be to God, we are as far as any people can be from giving into credulity; we acknowledge that all the lights of physic do not enable us to give any account of this fact, nor do we pretend to enter into its causes. However, we cannot avoid giving credit to a matter of fact juridically attested by competent and unsuspected witnesses, especially since it is far from being the only one of the kind. We shall here annex an instance of the same sort in 1732.

"In a certain Canton of *Hungary*, which is called in Latin *Oppida Heidonum*, on the other side the *Tibiscus*, vulgarly called the *Teysse*; that is to say the river which washes the celebrated territory of *Tokay*, as also a part of *Transylvania*. The people known by the name of *Heydukes*, believe that certain dead persons, whom they call Vampyres, suck the blood of the living, insomuch that these people appear like skeletons, while the dead bodies of the suckers are so full of blood, that it runs out at all the passages of their bodies, and even at their very pores. This odd opinion of theirs they support by a multitude of facts attested in such a manner, that they leave no room for doubt. We shall here mention some of the most considerable.

"It is now about five years ago, that a certain *Heyduke*, an inhabitant of the village of *Medreiga*, whose name was *Arnold Paul*, was bruised to death by a hay-cart, which ran over him. Thirty days after his death, no less than four persons died suddenly, in that manner wherein, according to the tradition of the country, those people generally die who are sucked by Vampyres. Upon this a story was called to mind, that this *Arnold Paul* had told in his lifetime, *viz.* that at *Cossova*, on the frontiers of the *Turkish Servia*, he had been tormented by a Vampyre; (now the established opinion is, that a person sucked by a Vampyre, becomes a Vampyre himself, and sucks in his turn.) But that he had found a way to rid himself of this evil, by eating some of the earth out of the Vampyre's grave, and rubbing himself with his blood.—This precaution however did not hinder his becoming a Vampyre; insomuch that his body being taken up forty days after his death, all the marks of a notorious Vampyre were found thereon. His complexion was fresh, his hair, nails, and beard were grown; he was full of fluid blood, which ran from all parts of his body upon his shroud. The *Hadnagy* or *Bailiff* of the place, who was present at the taking of him up, and who was a person well acquainted with vampyrism, caused a sharp stake to be thrust, as the custom is, through the heart of *Arnold Paul*, and also [illegible] turns.

[illegible] in the space of three months, seventeen persons of all ages and sexes died of vampyrism, some after two or three days suffering. Amongst others there was one *Stanoska*, the daughter of a *Heyduke*, whose name was *Jotuitzo*, who going to bed in perfect health, waked in the middle of the night, and making a terrible outcry, affirmed that the son of a certain *Heyduke*, whose name was *Millo*, and who had been dead about three weeks, had attempted to strangle her in her sleep. She continued from that time in a languishing condition, and in the space of three days died. What this girl had said, discovered the son of *Millo* to be a Vampyre. They took up the body, and found him so in effect. The principal persons of the place, particularly the physicians and surgeons, began to examine very narrowly, how, in spite of all their precautions, vampyrism had again broke out in so terrible a manner.—After a strict inquisition, they found that the deceased *Arnold Paul* had not only sucked the four persons before mentioned, but likewise several beasts, of whom the new Vampyres had eaten, particularly the son of *Millo*. Induced by these circumstances, they took a resolution of digging up the bodies of all persons who had died within a certain time. They did so, and amongst forty bodies, there were found seventeen evidently Vampyres.—Through the hearts of these they drove stakes, cut off their heads, burnt the bodies, and threw the ashes into the river. All the informations we have been speaking of were taken in a legal way, and all the executions were also so performed, as appears by certificates drawn up in full form, attested by several officers in the neighbouring garrisons, by the surgeons of several regiments, and the principal inhabitants of the place. The verbal process was sent towards the latter end of last *January* to the council of war at *Vienna*, who thereupon established a special commission to examine into these facts. Those just now mentioned were attested by the *Hadnagi Barriorar* the principal *Heyduke* of the village, as also by *Batteur*, first lieutenant of Prince *Alexander* of *Wirtemberg*, *Flickstenger*, surgeon major of the regiment of *Furstemberg*, three other surgeons of the same regiment, and several other persons."

PICTURE OF HYMEN.

A certain painter at the request of a young gentleman on the point of marriage, drew a portrait of Hymen.—"I beg (said this empassioned youth) that your picture may display all the elegance of the graces—the figure of Hymen, that Heaven-favored deity, ought to be far more beautiful than that of Adonis—In his hand should be a torch, more brilliant than that of Love itself—Summon up therefore, all the power of fancy to your aid, and your reward shall be in proportion to the manner in which you finish."—The painter who knew the liberality of the gentleman, set ardently to work and threw out the whole fervor of his genius in the execution of this much expected piece; which, by way of compliment he took care should be carried home the evening before the marriage—Our young Oroondates, then sporting in the fullest vigour of love sick enthusiasm, was by no means satisfied with the performance. "Friend, said he, coldly to the Painter, this picture of yours is rather pretty, but it wants a certain air of gaiety; it is destitute of those peculiar delicacies, those touching points which belong to the subject; in short, though this may be your idea of Hymen, it is by no means mine—You have very indifferently finished this business, and according to agreement, you will be but indifferently rewarded." The painter, however, who was not more celebrated for the genius of his pencil, than the knowledge of men, did not take offence, but concluded in a moment on the conduct he should pursue. "Sir said he, my picture is in fact, not yet dry; the colors have not yet had time to show themselves; and to speak freely, this is a kind of picture that for some time will not please, or appear to have truth in the drawing. But in the course of a few months, I will take the liberty of bringing it again, and then you shall pay me according to the light in which you see it—I am positive it will appear quite in another point of view.—Adieu Sir;—I am not pressed for the money—it shall be left to our next interview." The painter went away with his work, and the next day the young gentleman was married—Some months were suffered to elapse before the painter re-appeared; but at the end of these, hearing that some of those little matrimonial altercations which blend light and shade in the conjugal picture, had passed in pretty quick rebound, he seized on it as the exact crisis of [illegible] his portrait. At the time of [illegible] ing the apartment of the late [illegible], found the now lolling husband [illegible] lassitude of married indifference [illegible] Are you there Mr. P[illegible] he, without changing his [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Hymen has the eyes too [illegible] Are not the cheeks [illegible] and the whole piece [illegible] As your portrait [illegible] sir, you have dipped [illegible] the rainbow—[illegible] from the [illegible] ought to have [illegible] that of Love [illegible] thinks, is too [illegible] and too full [illegible] from a [illegible] an air of [illegible] [illegible] beautiful in your eyes than my [illegible] [illegible] age, recollect [illegible] less beautiful than Hymen.—Believe me, the painting has not changed;—it is your idea; and the reason is obvious—You were then a lover now you are a husband.

"I understand you, interrupted the husband, say no more—Your picture is more agreeable than my fancy—it is but just that the payment should be in proportion.—As your fancy hath been richer than mine, so shall my recompense be [illegible] than your fancy; here is a purse which contains double the sum you expected.—Take it, Sir, and give me the picture in exchange."

From a London Paper.

[illegible] REWARD.

STRAYED AND MISSING.

An infirm elderly Gentleman in a Public Office, lately left his home, just after dreadfully ill-using his WIFE about *Half* a Crown, and trying to beat her. He had long complained a great deal of his Forehead, and lately had a LAWN put upon him. He was last seen walking swiftly towards the Horns without a Crown to his hat, accompanied by some evil-disposed persons, who tied a great *Green Bag* to his tail full of crackers, which he mistook for sweetmeats, and burnt himself dreadfully. Every person he met in this deplorable condition tried to persuade him to go back, but in vain. He is very deaf and very obstinate, and cannot bear to be looked at, or spoken to. It is supposed he has been seduced and carried off by some artful Female. He may be easily known by his manners. He fancies himself the politest man in Europe, because he knows how to bow, and to offer a pinch of snuff; and thinks himself the greatest man in Europe because people have humoured him and let him have his own way. He is so fond of tailoring, that he lately began a *Suit* that will take him his life to complete. He delights in playing at Soldiers—supposes himself a cavalry officer, and makes Speeches, that others write for him, in a Field-Marshal's uniform. Sometimes he fancies himself "Glorious Apollo," plays "Hailstones of Brunswick" on the base fiddle, and qualifies his friends to perform "Cuckolds all on a row." His concerns are very much deranged. Not long ago he imported a vast quality of Italian Images, at enormous prices, upon credit, and hoarded them up in a water-side Cotton warehouse. Since then, things have gone all against him, and he has been in a very desponding state. It is of the utmost consequence to himself that he should be at his post, or he may *lose his place*;—one of his predecessors having been cashiered for his misconduct. If this should meet his eye, it is earnestly requested that he will return to his duty, and he will be kindly received, and no questions asked.

N. B. *He has not a Friend in the World, but the Advertiser and a few others, who never had an opportunity of speaking to him, and letting him know the real state of his affairs.*

PROFESSIONAL DUTIES MUST BE PERFORMED.

An attorney, presenting a copy of a writ to an auctioneer at Brighton, not long since, apologized for his unfriendly visit, and concluded with hoping that the other would not be offended, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty in his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer, "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I to mine," and instantly knocked him down.

In the American Revolution, a brave soldier was brought before a court martial and put on his trial, charged with having uttered the following disrespectful words of and concerning the regiment to which he belonged, viz. "*our regiment is the only damn, poor, silly, regiment in the American army.*" The soldier on his trial admitted the words to have been uttered by him, and relied on his justification of those words before the court, by proving that the regiment was commanded by Colonel [illegible] [illegible]